

The First Century of the White House

The Noted Men and Women Who Have Lived in it During One Hundred Years....

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CHAPTER VII. WHITE HOUSE DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES K. POLK.

Fourteen years in Congress—Anxious Days and Wearisome Nights—Mrs. Polk a Woman of Rare Excellence—Anecdote of Henry Clay—Polk surrounded by Great Men—Impressive Scene on the Floor of the House—Death of John Quincy Adams—Last Leave of President Polk—Retires into Obscurity.

James K. Polk was elected the 11th President of the United States. He had represented his people 14 years in Congress; in 1836 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. His studious habits and his manly bearing had peculiarly fitted him for the position he had filled, but the office of President brought him little happiness.

Undoubtedly Mr. Polk had the great interests of the country at heart; but many of the foremost statesmen of the land differed with the President in his views, and the policy he wished carried out, and the vital questions of the day were not settled in accordance with his wishes. Anxious days and wearisome nights were his inheritance.

The slavery question entered into this election as a leading issue. The Republic of Texas asked admission into the Union. Many of the people objected, as it was certain to be

attained such unqualified power over popular assemblies and individuals.

His unwearied devotion to the highest interests of the Nation, and the earnest inspiration of his brain had very much to do with breaking and quelling certain insurrections at the North, and placing before the people the true condition of the country during the rebellion.

He was one to whom our country might safely turn for the protection of her flag, her Constitution and her honor in any hour of peril which might await her.

TWO NOTABLE LETTERS.

It will be remembered by many that Mr. Webster, though opposed to Mr. Dickinson upon most of the great issues of the country, from 1830 to 1850 (these gentlemen being leaders of opposite parties) tendered to his Democratic colleague upon his retiring from the Senate, the following complimentary letter:

"WASHINGTON, Sept. 27, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR: Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and important session you are about to return to your home and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again two months hence, for the discharge of our duties in our respective stations in the Government. But life is uncertain and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your

hands a note containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

"In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known you, the greater has been my esteem for your

character, and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly and patriotic conduct in support of the great measures of this session which has entirely won my heart and receives my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country, but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much either for your distinction or for the people's good.

"You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced with firm and manly step where others have wavered, faltered, and fallen back; and for one, I desire to thank you and to commend your conduct out of the fulness of my honest heart.

"This letter needs no reply. It is, I am aware, of very little value, but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and, perhaps, to leave it where it would be seen by those who come after you.

"I pray you when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter, and I remain, my dear sir,

"Your friend and obedient servant,"
"DANIEL WEBSTER."

To this kind, friendly, commendatory letter, Mr. Dickinson made the following equally kind and friendly response:

"BINGHAMTON, Oct. 5, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR: I perused and re-perused the beautiful note you placed in my hand as I was about leaving Washington with deeper emotion than I have ever experienced, except under some domestic vicissitudes.

"Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrence in our earlier acquaintance, to which you refer, has caused me many moments of painful regret, and your kindling communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth that 'to err is human, to forgive divine.'

"Numerous and valuable are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me; but among them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this. I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship.

"I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others, to resist the mad current which threatened to overwhelm us, and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous has received the approbation of the most distinguished of American statesmen, has more than satisfied my ambition.

"Believe me, my dear sir, that of all the patriots who came forward in an evil day, for their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others could buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could will them back from the holy citadel.

"May the beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined Confederacy. I pray you to extend to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrance of myself and family, and believe me

"Sincerely yours,"
"D. S. DICKINSON."

DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.
The venerable John Q. Adams had been stricken down at his home in Quincy by paralysis, on account of which he was unable to take his seat when Congress convened.

On the 13th day of February, 1846, Mr. Hunt, of New York, was making a speech in support of the Wilmot Proviso bill, when the venerable form of ex-President Adams appeared in the door of the House, and at once attracted all eyes.

Mr. Hunt suspended his speech. Mr. Mosely, of New York, and Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, advanced to meet Mr. Adams, and, each taking him by the arm, led him to the seat he had for many years occupied. Members gathered around the venerable man with congratulations on his return.

After a short pause, much affected by the cordiality of his reception by the House, he rose and in his feeble voice briefly tendered his heartfelt thanks.

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Washington in the Winter of 1846 was gay with parties and balls, until the death and funeral of this great and good ex-President, which occurred in February. Public business was suspended, flags were at half-mast and a general gloom pervaded the city. He was stricken down in his seat in the House and was removed to the Speaker's room. He lingered two days. His wife, who for 50 years had shared with him his hopes, his fears, his joys, hung over him during these last painful hours.

His last words are said to have been: "If this is the last of earth, I am content." During the closing weeks of President Polk's Administration he gave a dinner party to the President-elect, Gen. Zachary Taylor, followed by a brilliant levee in the evening. At this, friends, acquaintances and dignitaries assembled to pay their last respects to the President and his wife.

Mr. Polk's Administration was characterized by no signal brilliant, politically or socially; and he returned to Tennessee to reside, like all ex-officials, even ex-Chief Magistrates, into the humdrum routine of private life.

Mr. Polk had been the recipient of much distinguished consideration. Her portrait hangs in the Green Room at the White House, and represents her as the modest, handsome woman she was.

During the late rebellion she received the protection of both armies; and from the bounty of \$5,000 per annum, given to the widows of ex-Presidents, she lived comfortably and well.

[To be continued.]
Mrs. Hudson's free offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6 will interest all women.

Comrade E. R. Wise, Warren, O., has the discharge papers of Wm. C. Bryant, Co. I, 18th Pa.; Thos. Hance, Co. B, 7th Wis., and James McKinley, Co. H, 5th Pa.

Stop! Women,

And Consider the All-Important Fact,



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating women's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician in the world. The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Uncle Snowball
Personal Kokolokohuna of An Army Cook.
The War Viewed from the Rear.

IV.
I had the greatest skeer oh de wah wife we wuz out dah on de Sandy Grove Road. Dere wuz a good many mivy big skers gwine on erbout dat time, ez well ez alterwards, in which me and de ahmy had erhout equal shares. But dis wuz my own personal affair. I owned de hull ob hit. Nobody else carried a bit ob de stock.

I wuz lured on de ground, cousin and maccaterin' de materiyals for de Mornin Glory Mess' dinnah wen de view befo' me wuz dakened by a tall man wid a strong breff and a bad temph. I did not need no interdukhun. I knowed my ole massa at once.

"Yo brack chink o' hell," sezee; an' I see dat he knowed me at sight. "Ize doun foun' yo' at las'. Git up heah, an cmm erlong wid me." Wit dat he gib me a kick in de ribs, an' snapped a par' handcuffs on my wrists.

I wuz so skeered dat I had a fit ob dumb ager right dah. My teef chawed togedder, an' all de write in my eye turned a dirty yaller. Little Bert Gaskin wuz ob de one ob de Mornin Glory Mess' at de tent at dat time, and he dunno w'at tuh do. But he foughit hisself tuh say:

"Heah, yo' can't take dat man outen camp widout de Kunnel flows yo'. Nobody kin go outen camp widout de Kunnel's pass."

And he tuk his gun from de stack in a way dat 'tracted ole Massa's tenshun. "Dis boy's my own property, done hawn and raised on my place," sez ole Massa. "It's got a right tuh do ez I please wid my own property, 'cordin' to de laws ob Virginny and ob de United States. But w'ere de Kunnel?"

"Right ober dah," sez Bert, 'ntin' wid his gun to'd de Kunnel's tent. Hit so happened dat Mistuh Jo wuz Kunnel's Orderly dat day. He'd put on a pappe-cob, an' 'd cleaned up his ole shoes an' blacked his shoes an' shined his buttons till he wuz de nicest-lookin' soldier in de gyard detail, an' he got de 'pintment. De Kunnel, Adjutant an' all de rest ob dem'd went ober to brigade headquarters for a little while tuh see some goins-on dah, an' left Mistuh Jo in charge ob de tent. He wuz a-sittin' on a camp-stool out in front, an' puttin' on mo' style dah ef he wuz really de rankin' Jinerul ob de hull ahmy. He knowed he'd only have an hour or two, an' wuz crowdin' all he could into de time.

He tuk in de hull trouble ez he see ole Massa comin' to'd de tent, wid me er-trailin' a'ter. He got up frum de stool, lukkin' very mad, an' befo' ole Massa cud open his mouf roared out:

"Who is yo' sah? An' w'at is yo' doin' in my camp, sah?" "I's Jedge Bragton, sah, an' I cam to reclaim my run-away niggah, sah, 'cordin' to de law," sez ole Massa, tuk a little erback, but still very sassy.

"Cordin' tuh law? W'at law?" "De laws ob de State ob Virginny an' ob de United States, sah."

"Yo' put de State ob Virginny fust. My impreshon is dat de United States is sorer takin' de lead jest at present."

"No, sah," sez ole Massa, still very brash. "We are unde de laws ob de sovereign State ob Virginny, an' ough we struggle fur our freedom an' independence, sah, we've lost none ob our rights ez citizens. I demand tuh be 'lowed my property, sah, whereber I find hit. Jinerul McClellan's orders concedes us dat right, sah."

"Me an' Jinerul McClellan differ on sebbel pints, an' dat's one ob em min' ones," sez Mistuh Jo, very important like. "One ob em'll have to leab de ahmy if he aint settled soon, an' I don't tink hit will be me, fur I am in fur three years. But I want tuh know how yo' dared cum intuh my camp widout my permishun. I tink yo' a s'p' from de Kunnel, sah. I oughter hab yo' shot. Sajint (to Fence Rail Pete, who cum pacin' up, tuh lend a hand ef nee), bring yo' men up heah at once wid deir arms."

I cud see ole Massa begin to wilt.

"Kunnel," sezee, "I aho' yo' sah, I'm a jentleman ob honah an' 'spectability, sah, an' I kin show yo' lettehs from Jinerul McClellan, and an' Jinerul Porteh, an'."

"Le's see dem lettehs," sez Mistuh Jo, very cross-like.

"I don't hab 'em wid me," sez ole Massa, feelin' in his pockets; "dey's at my house, but if yo'll send some men erlong wid me I'll git 'em."

"Yo' claim dis boy ez yo' property. How do I know dat he belongs to yo'?"

"I got de paphe to show dat, too, but dey're all at my house, sah. But send some erlong wid me, I'll git 'em."

Dere ole Massa git very mild and persuadin'.

"Camp-vittles must be very po' eatin', Kunnel. I apects yo' gits tired ob dem. If yo'll send yo' men wid me, dey kin f'ch back some hams, an' under tings, which I'd like tuh present yo', wid my compliments. I've also some very ole apple brandy."

Mistuh Jo's face didn't soften a mite.

"I's got my duty tuh do heah, sah, ez an officer ob de United States," sezee. "I must perform justice on all hands, between man an' man. Yo' conduct in cumin intuh my camp is very apishun, an' I don't believe yo' talk erbout de lettehs from Jinerul McClellan. But I don't want tuh be unfair. I'll send yo' to yo' house unde a strong gyard, tuh see if w'at yo' say is true. Fast, take dese handcuffs offen dat boy. No handcuffs 'lowed in my camp. Yo' showed great dis-respect tuh me and de President tuh use dem in my camp. I'll put him in de gyard-house till I git de facks."

He pulled Fence Rail Pete intuh de tent, and whispered tuh him:

"Take dat ole snoozer out tuh his house. Git all de grub he'll gib yo'. Talk stiff on de way of w'at a bad, cruel man I am—how I hab been shot ober dey, because deir hair don't curl tuh suit me, and tings like dat. Gib him a chance to skip out w'ile yo're loadin' up de grub. He'll go. Gib de p'ckets sum ob de grub wen yo' cum in, but hide dat bottle ob apple-jack. I want all o' dat myself. Tell him not tuh let him cum in erlong, ef he should want tuh. To-morry we'll be on picket ourselves, an' we'll look out fur him den. Git a move on ye, fur I see dey're breakin' up at brigade headquarters, and de Kunnel 'll be startin' back. Git."

Dat night I f'ried enuf ob de ole Massa's ham an' eggs tuh gib all de boys de best meal dey'd had fur a coon's age, and Mistuh Jo sent me to de Kunnel's tent wid a nice pan-fall and his compliments.

Fence Rail Pete dun brung back, all fair an' square, a big flask ob ole apple brandy. But dah's anudder story.

Liberty in Pensions.

Why do those who were out in 1861 and 1862 show such antipathy to those who enlisted later? Did not the latter do as much towards putting down the rebellion as those who were in the field first? Every comrade knows that the first three years of the war were not much of a success as regards conquest. More than one-half the boys who went out in 1861-65 were not old enough before. I am in favor of a Service Pension. Now, stop harping on a Per Diem Bill.—G. D. Fox, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

Likes to Read "Andersonville."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am glad you are publishing "Andersonville," and am now reading it with deep interest. I was Sergeant in Co. G, 40th Ind.; captured at Kennesaw, and exchanged at Rough and Ready, Sept. 22, 1864. Comrade McElroy's descriptions of that tragedy of the war are so true for the time I have never received as a true whole history is true from beginning to end. I recommend all comrades to read it, especially ex-prisoners of war.—C. H. KIRKPATRICK, Captain, Co. G, 40th Ind., Mogallon, N. M.

Thanks Veterans Should Wait.

J. C. Roberts, 1st Pa. Rifles ("Bucktails"), Hammond, Minn., writes: "Give every man credit who wore the blue, whether a long or short-term man. He went forward, when called and helped put down the rebellion. Stop all criticism, and let the Congressmen have a rest. When the next election comes show them that you mean business."

DEER PARK

On the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests. There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for house-keeping. The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31, will be sold at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. The season at Deer Park commences June 21, 1897.

For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore, Md.

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Two Great Premiums.

A WONDERFUL HISTORICAL CHART. A Pictorial History of the United States at a Glance.

One of the most remarkable achievements in chart making and historical condensation that we have ever seen is now before us. The chart is mounted as a wall map, and is 10 feet 3 inches by 5 feet 6 inches in extent. There are rollers at top and bottom with tape at the sides to strengthen it. The chart is printed in colors, and contains more things than can be enumerated here. It shows, in a pictorial way, all the Presidents and their Cabinets, from Washington to McKinley, in chronological order; the history of the Government by Congresses; a history of each Administration; comparative statement of debts, revenues and expenditures; the issues of all political parties at various periods; the political complexion of every Congress; the naval tonnage of all nations; the standing armies of every nation; the area and population of all the States and Territories; a brief history of the World's Columbian Exposition; chronological discoveries, explorations, inventions, and important events; and the area and population of foreign countries as compared with the United States.

But this is not all. There are also maps of Central America, South Africa, Abyssinia, Persia, Afghanistan, Alaska, and a map of the solar system.

To crown all, on the back of the chart is printed, in colors, a complete map of the United States, showing location of every railroad, city, town, river, lake, and mountain-chain in the country.

In fact, this chart and map combined enables a man to roll up and carry in one hand as much historical information about the United States and the world at large as is contained in the vast library of Congress, with its million books.

We have secured a few copies of this combined map and chart for the benefit of our subscribers, and for one month from this date we can supply them upon the following terms, viz:

We will send the chart, by express, prepaid, to any address in the United States or Canada, free of all cost, to any person who will send us a club of only three subscribers at \$1 each.

If unwilling to spare even the little time required to get up the club, we will send the chart with THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, both prepaid, for one year to any address for \$1.50.

We have never been able before to secure so valuable a premium as this upon such conditions that we were able to give it away to our subscribers free of cost. Everyone should have a copy of this map, and any one can earn it in half an hour.

Every Sunday-school and every district school should have one on its walls.

Address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

HOW TO Get a Good Watch and Chain Free.

Description of the Watch and What is Said by Those Who Have Received It.

We have secured one of the most serviceable watches ever made, a stem-winder and stem-setter having all the modern appliances known to the watch-maker's art. The case is solid nickel. It is two inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. Remember THIS IS NO TOY, but an ordinary modern watch which will last for years, and one which any person may be proud to carry. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer; if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost \$20, even if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time.

In addition to the watch we send in every instance a neat and serviceable chain, so that the outfit will be ready to put on and wear as soon as received.

HOW TO GET IT. We do not sell this watch without the paper, and no one can secure one of these splendid timepieces by itself. We will send this watch by mail to any person who will send us a

CLUB OF ONLY THREE YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS. Understand that you pay nothing for the watch, but send us three names and addresses of subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE with \$1 for each subscriber, who will receive the paper for one year, and we will send you the watch and chain, postpaid, to your address absolutely free of charge.

No one, therefore, need be without a watch equal for keeping time to any in the neighborhood. It will not take a day for anyone to get up this small club of only three subscribers at \$1 each for the best family newspaper in the United States.

If unwilling to spare even the little time required to get up the club, we will send the watch and chain with THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for one year to any address for \$2.

Remember that we do not care to dispose of the watch with single subscribers, but our object in this unparalleled offer is to give the watch free to our friends who will raise the clubs of three, because we want THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to go for the coming year into every patriotic home in the country.

Do not lose time, but attend to this matter to-day.